

## THE AIR FORCE SONG

1

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
Climbing high into the sun,  
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,  
At a boy, give her the gun!  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one hell of a roar!  
We live in fame or go down in flames,  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

### CHORUS:

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky  
To a friend we send a message of his brother men who fly  
We drink to those who gave their all of old,  
Then down we dive to score the rainbow's pot of gold,  
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast the U.S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,  
Sent it high into the blue,  
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,  
How they lived God only knew!  
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer,  
Give us wings ever to soar,  
With fighters before and bombers galore,  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

### CHORUS:

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,  
Keep the wings level and true,  
If you live to be a grey haired wonder,  
Keep the nose out of the blue,  
Flying men guarding our nation's borders  
We'll be there, followed by more!  
In echelon, we'll carry on,  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT  
(The Battle Hymn of The Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at Death and lived for nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by  
The AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL!

CHORUS:

Glory-----Flying regulations  
Have them read at every station  
Crucify the man who breaks one  
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong  
But now it's only memory; it only lives in song  
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

CHORUS:

I have seen them in their Sabres when their eyes were dancing flame  
I have seen their screaming power dives that blasted Stalin's name  
But now they fly like missies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to HELL!

CHORUS:

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberator too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with con-trails in the Blue  
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for HELL!

CHORUS:

You have heard your pounding .50's blaze from wings of polished steel  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel  
But now the L-5 charms you with its moaning groaning squeal  
And it won't climb for HELL!

## CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
 About the Wild Blue Yonder in the days when men were strong  
 But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
 The Air Force has gone to HELL!

## CHORUS:

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game  
 We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame  
 But now that's all Verboden and we're all so goddamn tame  
 Our spirit's shot to HELL!

## CHORUS:

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap  
 We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap  
 But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that  
 Or you will burn in HELL!

## CHORUS:

Have you ever climbed a Sabre up to where the air is thin  
 Have you stuck her long nose downward just to hear the screaming din  
 Have you tried to do it lately? Better not --- you'll auger in  
 And then you'll sure catch HELL!

## CHORUS:

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old  
 When pilots took their choice of being old or young & bold  
 Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old  
 The Air Force has gone to HELL!

## CHORUS:

But smile awhile, my pilots, though your eyes may still be wet  
 Some day we'll meet in Heaven where the rules have not been set  
 And God will show us how to Buzz and Roll and really let  
 The Air Force will fly like HELL!

## CHORUS:

Glory---, No more regulations  
 Rip them down at every station  
 Ground the guy that tries to make one  
 AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL ! ! ! !

4

## WHO OWNS THIS CLUB?

We are the boys from the 41st  
You've heard so much about.  
Mothers pull their daughters in  
Whenever we go out.  
We're always full of whiskey,  
We're always full of booze  
We're the boys of the 41st  
And who the hell are youse?

As we go marching, and the drums begin to play  
You can hear the people shouting:  
Raggedy rags, raggedy rags, 41st on parade.

Who owns this club? WA WA WA  
Who owns this club? WA WA WA  
Who owns this club? the people cried.  
WE own this club. WE own this club,  
41st Fighter Squadron  
We replied.

## "YOU'LL NEVER MIND"

Come on and join the Air Force  
It's quite the branch they say  
You never have to work at all  
Just fly around all day  
While others work and study hard  
And soon grow old and blind  
You'll hit the air without a care  
And you will never mind.

### CHORUS:

You'll never mind, You'll never mind  
Come on and join the Air Force  
And you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted  
As high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train  
When you're an Air Force flyer.  
But when you're just about to be  
A General you will find  
Your engine will cough  
Your wings will come off  
But you will never mind.

### CHORUS:

You're flying o'er the ocean  
 You hear your engine spit  
 You watch the prop come to a stop  
 The goddam engine's quit.  
 The ship won't float  
 And you can't swim  
 The shore is far behind  
 Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish  
 But you will never mind.

Along comes a zero  
 He shoots you down in flames  
 Don't waste your time belly-achin'  
 And call the bastard names  
 Just shove your stick into the ground  
 And soon you will find  
 That all is well and there ain't no Hell  
 And you will never mind.

You take her up and spin her  
 And with an awful tear  
 You'll find yourself without your wings  
 Oh you will never care.  
 For in about two minutes  
 You'll dance with Pete and the angels sweet  
 And you will never mind.

### KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the canteen early, it was shortly after nine  
 And by a stroke of fortune, her room was next to mine  
 Like any brave "Columbo" with regions to explore  
 I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

#### CHORUS:

Oh, the keyhole in the door, oh, the keyhole in the door  
 I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

She crossed over to the fireplace her lovely figure to warm  
 With only a silken nighty to hide her gorgeous form  
 I prayed that she would take it off, just that and nothing more,  
 By God, I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

#### CHORUS:

Now after many a pounding upon that paneled door  
 And after many a pleading, I crossed that threshold floor  
 So no one would ever see what I had seen before  
 I hung her silken nighty o'er the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

That night I slept in clover and other things besides  
 And on that snow white bosom I had a wonderful time  
 I awoke next morning early, my back it was sore  
 You'd think I'd been crawling through the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

Now listen all you astronomers who think you are so wise  
 Who look into your telescopes into the starry skies  
 One thing I'd like to tell you, one thing and nothing more  
 Your telescopes are "bug-a-roo-ed" to the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's,  
 To the place where Louie dwells,  
 To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well  
 Sit the whiffenpoofs assembled  
 With their glasses raised on high,  
 And the magic of their singing casts a spell.  
 Yes, the magic of their singing  
 Of the songs we love so well,  
 "Shall I Wasting" and "Mavourneen" and the rest.  
 We will serenade our Louie,  
 While life and voice shall last,  
 And in passing be forgotten with the rest.  
 We are poor little lambs who have lost our way,  
 Baa, baa, baa.  
 Gentleman songsters off on a spree,  
 Damned from here to eternity.  
 God have mercy on such as we,  
 Baa, baa, baa.

## SALLY

Sally in the alley was sifting cinders  
 Lifted up her leg and farted like a man  
 Wind from her blcomers broke six windows  
 Cheeks of her ass went BAM, BAM, BAM.

## OH MY GOD

Oh my God, we've all done wrong  
 We've all been drunk for so GOD DAMN long  
 And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes  
 Let the old man say what he GOD DAMN pleases  
 We're just a bunch of Shisters, a bunch of booze histers  
 FIGHTER PILOTS ALL ! ! !

## BUDDY

BUDDY, BUDDY, have a good time  
 Stay in bed 'till half past nine  
 Drink your drink and flub your dub  
 41st Fighter Country Club.

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY  
 (The Bells of St. Mary)

The balls of O'Leary  
 Are wrinkled and weary  
 Are battered and tattered  
 Like the dome of St. Paul.

The people all muster to see that great cluster  
 Of the wonderful pair of O'Leary's balls.

## NELLY DARLING

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe NELLY DARLING  
 And the nipples on your tits are turning green  
 There's an oder of Blue ointment round your pussy  
 You're the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel  
 When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass  
 There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle  
 So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass.

## A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman  
Is like a ship, without a sail  
Is like a boat without a rudder  
Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman is like a shipwreck on the sand,  
But if there's one thing worse in the universe  
It's a woman, I said a woman  
I mean a woman without a man

For you can roll a silver dollar  
Cross the bar room floor,  
And it will roll, because it's round  
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got  
Until she turns him down

Now honey, listen Honey, listen to me,  
I want you to understand  
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,  
While a woman goes from man to man.

## ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of old Fuji all covered with snow  
I lost my jet pilot from flying too low

He put on an air show, he did it for me  
At altitude zero he clobbered a tree

With throttle wide open he made his last pass  
On top of Fuji he busted his ass

On top of old Baldy all covered with flak  
I lost my poor wingman, he ain't comin' back

At altitude zero he made his last pass  
He clobbered the target and busted his ass

On top of old Fuji, all covered with flak  
Lay a 100 pilot, he ain't comin' back

He took off in weather, he took off at night  
He got a bum vector, a disasterous flight

While down in old Big "A", all rollin' in dough  
Lay an 86 pilot and his show girl named Flo

Now the moral of this story is plain as can be  
Be an 86 pilot, we mean 86-D



## THE SABRE SONG

It was midnight in Korea  
All the pilots were in bed, when up stepped Old Dad Mann  
And this is what he said  
SABRES-gentle SABRES-SABRES one and all  
SABRES-gentle pilots- and all the pilots shouted "BALLS"  
When up stepped a young Lieutenant, with a voice as harsh as brass  
"You can take those God damn SABRES JACK, and shove 'em up your ass."

## CHORUS:

Oh Halleluia! Oh Halleluia! Throw a nickle on the grass,  
Save a fighter pilot's ass  
Oh Halleluia! Oh Halleluia! Throw a nickle on the grass,  
And you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu, about six-twenty per  
I gave a call to Ole Dad Mann "Oh, won't you save me Sir.  
"Got two big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas"  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, Got six MIGs on my ass.

I made my traffic pattern: To me it looked all right  
I made my final turn, My God I racked it tight  
My airspeed read one-thirty, the engine gave a wheeze,  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, Spin instructions please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing; my left wing hit the ground  
Got a call from the tower, "Pull up and go around"  
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more  
The engine quit, I almost shit, and the gear came through the floor.

I went into a loop, I thought that I was clear  
I came up under Ole Dad Mann, I thought the end was near  
I went before the board, they gave me the works  
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of jerks

Splits on my bomb run, I got too God damn low  
I pressed the fucking button, Let both my babies go  
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall  
Now I won't see my Mother when the work's all done this fall.

## JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38  
With props that counter rotate  
They'll loop and they'll spin  
But they'll soon auger in  
Don't give me a P-38

Don't give me a P-39  
With an engine that's mounted behind  
It will tumble and roll  
And dig a deep hole  
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk  
About it the pilots all squawk  
It flew like a sparrow  
But its gear was too narrow  
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt  
It gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug  
And it flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star  
It'll go, but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout  
But soon will flame out  
Don't give me an F-Shooting Star

Don't give me an F-84  
Their pilots aren't here anymore  
They bombed in that crate  
But they all pulled out late  
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an F-86  
With wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover  
But as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-89  
 The "TIME" says they really climb  
 They're all in the States  
 All boxed up in crates  
 Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-94  
 It's never established a score  
 It may fly in weather  
 But won't hold together  
 Don't give me an F-94

Just give me an 86-D  
 With rockets, radar and A/B  
 She's fast, I don't care  
 She blows up in mid-air  
 Just give me an 86-D

### THE TINKER

The Lady of the mansion was dressing for the ball  
 When she spied a tinker  
 Pissing up against the wall

#### CHORUS:

WITH HIS JOLLY OLD BALLS ASKEE  
 AND HALF A YARD OF FORESKIN  
 HANGING DOWN BELOW HIS KNEE

The lady wrote a letter  
 And in it she did say  
 I'd rather be fucked by the tinker  
 Than my husband any day

Oh, the tinker got the letter  
 And when it he did read  
 His balls began to fester  
 And his prick began to bleed

Oh, he mounted on his charger  
 And on it he did ride  
 His balls slung o'er his shoulder  
 And his penis by his side

Oh, he rode up to the mansion  
 He rode up to the ball  
 Gorbliney said the butler  
 He has come to fuck us all

He fucked the Lady standing  
 He fucked her against the wall  
 Then he fucked the butler  
 'Twas the dirtiest trick of all

He rode out from the mansion  
 He rode into the street  
 Little drops of semen  
 Pitter pattering at his feet

Oh, the tinker's dead and buried  
 I'll bet he's gone to hell  
 He said he'd fuck the devil  
 And I'll bet he's done it well

### CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

Oh the elephant is a funny bloke  
 Who very seldom very seldom gets his poke  
 But when he does he lets it soak  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation

#### CHORUS:

Cats on the rooftops, Cats on the tile  
 Cats with the syphillis, Cats with the piles  
 Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation

The hippopotamus so it seems  
 Very very seldom has wet dreams  
 But when he does, he comes in streams  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation

Oh the ostrich is a funny dick  
 It isn't often that he dips his wick  
 But when he does he dips it quick  
 As he revels in the joys of copulation

### SAMMY SMALL

My name is Sammy Small, F em all  
 My name is Sammy Small, F em all  
 Oh my name is Sammy Small  
 And I've only got one ball  
 But it's better than none at all, F em all

Oh they said I shot a man dead, F em all  
 Oh they said I shot a man dead, F em all  
 Oh I shot him in the head  
 With a fucking piece of lead  
 Now the silly fucker's dead  
 F em all

Oh they say I will swing, F em all  
 Oh they say I will swing, F em all  
 Oh they say I will swing  
 With a fucking piece of string  
 What a silly fucking thing, F em all

Oh the Sheriff will be there too, F em all  
 Oh the Sheriff will be there too, F em all  
 Oh the Sheriff will be there too  
 With his silly fucking crew  
 They've got F all else to do, F em all

Oh the Parson He will come, F em all  
 Oh the Parson He will come, F em all  
 Oh the Parson He will come  
 With his tales of Kingdom come  
 He can shove them up his bung, F. em all

They say I greased the rope, F em all  
 They say I greased the rope, F em all  
 They say I greased the rope  
 With a fucking piece of soap  
 What a silly fucking joke, F em all

I see Molly in the crowd, F em all  
 I see Molly in the crowd, F em all  
 I see Molly in the crowd and I feel so fucking proud  
 That I want to shout out loud, F em all

#### MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid  
 Down at the bottom of the sea  
 Minnie lost her morals, Down there among the corals  
 Gee, but she was mighty nice to me  
 Now many's the night with the pale moon shining  
 Down on the seaweed bungalow  
 Ashes to sills and dust to dust  
 Two twin beds and only one of them mussed

Now you can easily see she's not my mother  
 Because my mother's forty-nine  
 And you can easily see she's not my sister  
 Because I wouldn't show my sister  
 Such a helluva a good time  
 And you can easily see she's not my sweetheart  
 Because my sweetheart's too refined  
 She's just a poach of a kid, She never knew what she did  
 She's just a personal friend of mine.

This . . . . . Cold winter's night  
 The crowds were all leaving  
 O'Leary was closing the bar  
 When . . . . . Turned round and said  
 To the lady in red  
 Get out, you can't stay where you are  
 She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
 As she thought of the cold night ahead.

When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the  
 Crapper and these are the words that he said  
 Her mother never told her  
 The things a young girl should know  
 About the ways of Air Force men and how they come and go  
 She's lost her charm and beauty  
 And life has dealt her a scar  
 So remember your mothers and sisters boys  
 And let her sleep under the bar.

#### THE LITTLE GREY RAT

Oh! The pale moon shone on the bar-room floor,  
 The place was closed for the night.  
 Then out of his hole came the little grey rat,  
 And sat up in the pale moonlight.  
 He lapped up the liquor on the bar-room floor,  
 And back on his haunches he sat.  
 Into that empty room he said:  
 "Bring on your G D cat, hic, cat,  
 hic, cat, hic, cat, cat,....."

#### THE BALL AT KARRIED MAIR

There was a ball, a bloody great ball  
 The ball at Karried Mair  
 Four and twenty whores, came down from Avil mere

#### CHORUS:

SINGING HIE DI YE LAST NIGHT

HIE DI YE NO

THE MAN THAT HAD YE LAST NIGHT, CANNER HIE YE NOO

Oh there was fucking in the parlor  
 And fuckin' in the ricks  
 You couldna hear the music for  
 The swishin' of the pricks

Of there was fucking in the parlors  
 And fuckin on the stairs  
 You couldn't see the carpets for  
 The cunts and curly hairs

The elders of the Kirk were there  
And they were shocked to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads  
A hanging from a tree

The farmer's wife and she was there  
A sitting down in front  
A ring of roses in her hair  
And a carrot up her cunt

The village idiot, he was there  
A making like a fool  
By pulling the foreskin over his head  
And whistling through his tool

The King was in his counting house  
Counting up his wealth  
The queen was in her bedroom  
A diddling with herself

The bride was in the bedroom  
Explaining to the groom  
The vagina, not the rectum  
Was the entrance to the womb

Plowing Jock and he was there  
The bugger wouldn't dance  
Sitting with a hard on  
And a waiting for his chance

The fiery Colonel he was there  
He fit amongst the Boers  
He jumped upon the table  
And he shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there  
He couldn't do very much  
So he laid them on the carpet  
And he fucked them with his crutch

The vicars wife and she was there  
She kept us all in fits  
By jumping off the mantelpiece  
And bouncing on her tits  
The village blacksmith he was there  
He wouldn't play the game  
He fucked his lassie fourteen times  
Before he finally came

The chimney sweep and he was there  
 We had to put him out  
 For everytime he farted  
 He filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there  
 He had a dose of pox  
 He couldn't fuck his lassie so  
 He fucked the letter box

And when the ball was over  
 And folks went home to rest  
 They said they enjoyed the music  
 But the fucking was the best.

### FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

Aboard the good ship Venus  
 My god you should have seen us  
 The figurehead was a whore in bed  
 And the mast a rampant penis

#### CHORUS:

FRIGGIN IN THE RIGGIN, FRIGGIN IN THE RIGGIN  
 FRIGGIN IN THE RIGGIN, THERE'S FUCK ALL ELSE TO DO

The Captain of this lugger  
 He was a dirty bugger  
 He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
 From one place to another

The first mate's name was Andy  
 He was so young and dandy  
 They boiled his bun in steaming rum  
 For coming in the brandy

The midshipman's name was Nipper  
 He was a dirty ripper  
 He lined his ass with broken glass  
 To circumcise the skipper

The Captain's wife was Mable  
 Whenever she was able  
 She'd fornicate the second mate  
 Upon the galley table

The Captain had a daughter  
 Who fell into the water  
 Delighted squeals revealed the eels  
 Had found her sexual quarter



## KUNORI AND ANTUNG

Once I was happy and had a good deal  
 I flew 86's in old Victorville  
 They asked for volunteers and said "Son, I'll take you"  
 The next thing I knew I was in old Taegue

## CHORUS:

Kunori and Antung and wild, wild Pyongyang  
 They'll drive you ape shit, they'll drive you insane  
 Quad fifties and forties and 100 sorties  
 They'll drive you ape shit, they'll drive you insane

Oh, the Chosen is frozen and all wet with ice  
 From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice  
 But ask a foot soldier and he'll set you plumb straight  
 It's covered with Red's blood imbedded with hate

Oh, the MIG is a blot on the whole human race  
 And a man is a monkey to give one a chase  
 Here's my description, take warning dear brother  
 There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other.

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "NO SWEAT"  
 If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet,  
 6 MIG's jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "BREAK"  
 Got back to K-10, How my knees they did shake.

If I live thru 100 and they ask for some more,  
 I'll tell them to shove it; my ass is too sore,  
 They can ram it and jam it for all that I care,  
 All I want is a ground job, a desk and a chair.

## POOR BUT HONEST

She was poor but she was honest  
 The victim of a rich man's whim  
 When she met that southern gentleman Leo Daniels  
 And she had a child by him  
 Now he sits in the governor's mansion  
 Making laws for all mankind, while she walks the streets of  
 Austin, Austin, Texas,  
 Selling chunks of her behind.

It's the rich what gets the Glory  
 It's the poor what gets the blame  
 It's the same the whole world over  
 Now ain't that a God Damn shame.

## THE MIG - 15

The prettiest ship ----- Down on the line  
The MIG-15 flies fast and fine

When we go up ----- and fly at noon  
The MIG-15 leaps off the moon

On all our planes ----- We paint Red Stars  
For MIG-15's that land on Mars

We chase them up to forty-four  
The Fox 86 ain't got much more

The throttles set ----- up at full bore  
We'll never catch that little whore

We're coming home ----- And Casey calls  
We're letting down, no sweat at all

We're calling in ----- with 13 chicks  
12 MIG-15's, one Fox 86

The moral of ----- this story's clear  
When you come home, just check your rear

Cause if you do ----- I'm sure you'll find  
There's TAKSAN MIG's, and they're right behind.

## CAVIER

Cavier comes from the Virgin Sturgeon,  
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish,  
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin'  
That's why Cavier is my dish.

Shad Roe comes from scarlet Shad fish,  
Shad fish have a very sorry fate,  
Pregnant Shad fish is a sad fish,  
Got that way without a mate.

Oysters, they are fishy bi-valves,  
They have youngsters in their shell,  
How they diddle is a riddle,  
But they do - so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy,  
 With her lover's winning ways,  
 First he grips her with his flippers,  
 Then he grips and flips for days.

Mrs. Clam is optimistic,  
 Shoots her eggs out in the sea,  
 Hopes her suitor is a shooter,  
 Hit the self same spot as she.

Give a thought to the happy Cod fish,  
 Always there when duty calls,  
 Female Cod fish is an odd fish,  
 From them come Cod Fish Balls.

The trout is just a little Salmon,  
 Just half grown and minus scales,  
 But the trout, just like the Salmon,  
 Can't get along without his tail.

Lucky fishes are the Ray fish,  
 When for youngsters they essay,  
 Yes, me hearties, they have parties,  
 In the good old fashioned way.

I fed Cavier to my girl friend  
 She was a virgin tried and true,  
 Now that virgin needs no urgin'  
 There ain't NOTHIN' she won't do.

#### HURRAH

Hurrah for -----  
 Hurrah at last  
 Hurrah for -----  
 He's a Horses ASS!

-----, ----- he's our man  
 Takes it out and beats it  
 Wipes it off and eats it  
 -----, ----- he's our man  
 He's the biggest Queer of all!

## RING DING DO

One sunny day on Market Street  
A pretty girl I chanced to meet  
She said Hello, How do you do  
Would you like a crack at my RING DING DO

She took me down into her cellar  
She fed me wine and whiskey too  
She told me I was a damn fine feller  
And I took a crack at her RING DING DO

Now six months later she began to swell  
She swelled and swelled til she looked like hell  
She told her ma and her father too  
That I took a crack at her RING DING DO

Her father said you filthy whore  
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore  
Pack up your bag and your nighty too  
And make your living from your RING DING DO

So she went to the city to become a whore  
She hung a sign upon her door  
Five dollars now and nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my RING DING DO

And the fellers came and the fellers went  
And the price came down to fifteen cents  
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my RING DING DO

And then one day a son of a bitch  
He had the crabs and the jocky itch  
He had the eyph and diarrhea too  
And he took a crack at her RING DING DO

So they buried her near the city hall  
And they engraved upon the wall  
She's learned her lesson and you should too  
Stay away from the RING DING DO.

## FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
 The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
 They are all on foreign shores making mothers out of whores  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Fifth  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Fifth  
 There is just a bunch of brass sitting around on its ass  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
 They are all across the bay getting shot at every day  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no bomber jocks in our club  
 Oh there are no bomber jocks in our club  
 He doesn't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub  
 Oh there are no bomber jocks in our club

Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
 Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
 With auto pilot on he's reading novels in the john  
 Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
 His gyro's are uncaged and his woman overaged  
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty but its nice  
 Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty but its nice  
 It'll wreck you reputation but increase the population  
 Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty but its nice

## YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside the Guinea waterfall,  
 One bright and sunny day,  
 By the wreckage of his Sabre jet  
 A young pursuiter lay.  
 His parachute hung from a near-by tree,  
 He was not yet quite dead.  
 Now listen to the very last words,  
 This young pursuiter said.

I'm going to another land,  
 Where everything is bright,  
 Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles  
 And poker every night.  
 There's never anything to do,  
 But sit around and sing.  
 And all the crews are women-----  
 Oh death, where is thy sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling?  
 Oh death where is thy sting?  
 The bells of Hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling  
 For you but not for me.

## A YOUNG FIGHTER PILOT

A young fighter pilot lay dying,  
 The medics had left him for dead.  
 All around him women were crying,  
 And those were the words that he said:  
 Take that tail-pipe out of my stomach,  
 Take the burner out of my brain,  
 Take the turbine out of my kidney,  
 And assemble the unit again.

We are the boys who fly high in the sky  
 Bosom buddies while boozin'  
 We are the boys who they send out to die,  
 Bosom buddies while boozin'  
 Up in the Thirteenth they sing and they shout,  
 Talk about things they know nothing about.

We are the boys who fly high in the sky,  
 Bosom buddies while boozin'  
 Bosom buddies while boozin'

## SALOME

Down our street, we had a merry party  
Everyone there was Oh so gay and hearty  
Talk about the whiskey at the

There was old uncle Joe fair fucked up  
We locked him in the cellar  
With the old bull pup  
Little Tommy Tucker trying to get it in  
With his ass-hole winking at the moon

Oh Salome, Salome you should see my gal Salome  
Standing there with her ass all bare  
Every little wrinkle makes all the boys stare

Oh! Slide it and glide it right up her big black chute  
Two brass balls, a kangaroo's knob  
And a foreskin full of shit

She's a great big Son of a Bitch twice the size of me  
Fair on her belly like the branches of a tree  
She can run, jump, fight, fuck, wheel a barrow, drive a truck,  
That's my girl Salome.

On Monday night she dresses up her crack  
On Tuesday night she takes it on her back  
On Wednesday night she takes it up her nose  
On Thursday night in between her fingers, down between her toes  
On Friday night she has a little spell  
On Saturday night she fucks like HELL  
And goes to church on Sunday.  
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam and a fucking good sunbeam I'll be.

# "O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER"

As I was sitting at O'Reilly's bar  
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter  
Came a thought into my mind  
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair  
Then I threw my left leg over  
Shagged, shagged, and shagged some more  
Shagged and shagged till the fun was over

There came a knock upon my door  
Who should it be but her god-damn father  
Two horse pistols by his side  
Looking for a man who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the hair  
Shoved his head in a pail of water  
Shoved those pistols up his ass  
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter

As I go walking down the street  
People shout from every corner  
There's the dirty S. O. B.  
The one that shagged O'Reilly's daughter.

CHORUS:

Fiddley-i-e, Fiddley-i-e-o  
Fiddley-i-e for the one ball Reilly  
Rubby dub dub-jig-balls and all  
Rubby dub dub shag all

## SING US ANOTHER ONE

There was a young man from Boston  
Who traded his car for an Austin  
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas  
And his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

That was a very fine song  
Sing us another one just like the other one  
Sing us another one -----

There was a young man from Kent  
Whose dick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble he stuck it in double  
And instead of coming he went.



There was a young girl from France  
 Who caught a train by chance  
 The engineer fucked her and so did the conductor  
 But the brakeman shot off in his pants.

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
 Who wanted that wonderful feeling  
 She lay on her back and tickled her crack  
 And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young girl named Alice  
 Who used dynamite for a phallus  
 They found her vagina in North Carolina  
 And her ass on the outskirts of Dallas.

There was a young man from St. James  
 Who liked to play silly games  
 He set fire to the thatch on grandmother's snatch  
 And laughed while she pissed through the flames.

There was a man named McGruder  
 Who wooed a nude in Bermuda  
 Now the nude thought it crude to be wooed in the nude  
 But McGruder was cruder HE SCREWED HER

There was a young man from Dundee  
 Who buggered an ape in a tree  
 The results were most horrid, all ass and no forehead  
 Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young man named Adair  
 Who was fucking a girl on the stair  
 The bannister broke and by doubling his stroke  
 He finished her off in mid-air.

There was a young man from Nottingham  
 That stood on the bridge at Buckingham  
 Just watching the stunts of the cunts and the punts  
 And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

There was a young man named Paul  
 Who had a mathematical ball  
 Now its critical weight plus his penis times eight  
 Was  $4/5$  of  $4/8$  of fuck all.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno  
 Said fucking is one thing I do know  
 All women are fine, and sheep are divine  
 But llamas are number one.

There was a young man from Bombay  
 Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
 The heat of his prick turned the clay into brick  
 And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There was a young man from New Brighton  
 Who said: My dear you've a tight one  
 She said: 'Pon my soul, you have the wrong hole,  
 It's the one up in front that's the right one.

There was a man named McPash  
 Whose balls were made out of glass  
 When they jangled together they played "Stormy weather"  
 And lightning shot out of his ass.

### ONE LITTLE TEENSEY WEENSEY BOMB (Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

The B-17 will climb to 20,000 feet. (repeat twice)  
 But it'll only carry one teensey weensey little bomb

CHORUS:

But it'll only carry one teensey weensey little bomb.

The B-29 will climb to 30,000 feet. (repeat twice)  
 But it'll only carry one little teensey weensey bomb (CHORUS)

The B-36 will climb to 40,000 feet. (repeat twice)  
 But it'll only carry one little teensey weensey bomb. (CHORUS)

The B-86D will climb to 50,000 feet. (repeat twice)  
 But it'll always carry one big, etc., etc. (CHORUS)

### THE SHIP TITANIC

They built the ship Titanic and when they had it done  
 They said it was a ship that never would go down  
 But the Lord's almighty hand said that ship would never stand  
 And it was sad when that great ship went down

CHORUS:

It was sad, it was sad, it was sad when that great ship went down  
 (to the bottom)

All those husbands and wives  
 Ittle bittie children lost their lives  
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

T'was on a Tuesday morn, they were nearing England's shore  
 And the rich refused to associate with the poor  
 So they put the poor below where they were the first to go  
 It was sad, etc.

# CHORUS

They swung the lifeboats out o'er the dark and stormy sea  
 And the band struck up with "Nearer my God to Thee"  
 Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side  
 It was sad, etc.

# CHORUS

They were nearing England's shores and were heading for the dock  
 When the old ship Titanic began to reel and rock  
 Oh, the Captain tried to wire but the wire was on fire  
 It was sad, etc.

# CHORUS

When the ship began to list then the lights began to flicker  
 And a drunk cried out, "My God, where is my likker"  
 So they brought out the bottle and they passed it all around  
 And it was sad, etc.

## SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed  
 I had a little drink about an hour ago and it's gone right to my head  
 Wherever I may roam, on land or sea or foam  
 You will always hear me singing this song, show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode, I'm fatigued and I want to retire  
 I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago  
 And it went right to my cerebellum  
 Wherever I may perambulate, on land or sea or atmospheric vapor  
 You can always hear me crooning this melody  
 Indicate the way to my abode.

## SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old shanty town  
 The roof is so slanty, it touches the ground,  
 Just a tumbled down shack, by an old railroad track  
 Like a millionaire's mansion, keeps calling me back  
 I'd give up my palace if I were a king  
 It's more than a palace, it's my everything  
 There's a queen waiting there, with a silvery hair  
 In a shanty in old shanty town.

There's a shanty in the town on a little plot of ground  
 Where the green grass grows all around, all around  
 The roof's so torn, so badly worn, it touches the ground  
 It's just a tumbled down shack and it's built way back  
 'Bout 25 feet from the railroad track  
 It lingers on my mind most all the time  
 Keeps calling me back to my little grass shack  
 I'd be just as sassy as Haille Sallassee  
 If I were a king, wouldn't mean a thing,  
 Roof's so tall, read the writin' on the wall  
 But it don't mean a thing, not a gosh darned thing  
 There's a queen waitin' there in a rockin' chair  
 Blowing her top on 'gaitor's beer  
 Lookin' all around and truckin' on down  
 Yes, I gotta get back to my shanty town.

## LAST NIGHT

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate  
 It felt so good -- I knew it would  
 Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat,  
 It felt so nice -- I did it twice.

You really should see me on the short strokes;  
 It feels so grand, I use my hand.  
 You must really catch me on the long strokes;  
 It feels so neat, I use my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor;  
 Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door;  
 Some people seem to think that fucking's grand,  
 But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

# I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Monday night I kissed her on the ankle  
 Tuesday night I kissed her on the knee  
 Wednesday night with success  
 I lifted up her bloomin dress  
 Thursday night she pinched me on my blimey  
 Friday night I layed my hand upon it  
 Saturday night she gave me balls a twitch  
 But it was Sunday after supper  
 I rammed the old boy up her  
 Now I'm paying seven and six a week  
 OH BLIMEY

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE  
 I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR  
 I JUST WANT TO HANG AROUND THE PICADILLY UNDERGROUND  
 LIVING OFF THE EARNING OF A HIGH BORN LADY  
 I DON'T WANT NO BAYONETS UP ME ARSE HOLE  
 I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY  
 I JUST WANT TO LIVE IN ENGLAND, IN JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND  
 AND FORNIFICATE ME BLOOMIN LIFE AWAY

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY  
 CALL OUT THE RANK AND THE FILE  
 CALL OUT THE ROYAL TERRITORIALS,  
 THEY'LL FACE DANGER WITH A SMILE, O BLIMEY  
 THEY'LL SET ENGLAND FREE  
 YOU CAN CALL YOUR MOTHERS, YOUR SISTERS AND YOUR BROTHERS  
 BUT FOR CHRIST SAKES DON'T CALL ME.

OLD PUSAN YOU  
 (Sioux City Sue)

I drove a troop of soldiers down, down old Pusan way,  
 They were bang, bang, soldiers, from Chin Wae cross the bay,  
 I met a gal from old Chin Ju, she was a sight to view,  
 I asked her where she came from, and she said Old Pusan U.

## CHORUS:

Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, the school that's best in all the land,  
 The University that is grand,  
 Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, I hail my Alma Mater,  
 To you, Old Pusan U.

I enrolled in that great city, founded by Nim Pac Su,  
 It was built with honey buckets, so they called it Pusan U  
 My girl was mad but I was glad, for fortune saw me through,  
 So now I raise my glass to, the school of Pusan U.

CHORUS:

Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, your course is good for engineers  
 Rescue pilots and other queers,  
 Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, I hail my alma Mater,  
 To you, old Pusan U.

We have an A-1 baseball team, we win our games straight through  
 They ask up where we come from, and we say Pusan U,  
 We have a pitcher who is tops, our batters are good too,  
 And everytime we come to bat, the crowd yells, "Pusan U."

CHORUS:

Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, the school that's best in all the land,  
 The university that's grand,  
 Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, I hail my alma Mater,  
 To you, old Pusan U.

SIXTEEN TIMES

(To the tune of "Sixteen Tons")

Some people say a man is made out of fear,  
 But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer ---  
 Whiskey and beer, rum and gin  
 If you fly the dot you're sure to spin in.

CHORUS:

You fly sixteen times, what d'you get,  
 Another day older and your weapon is bent.  
 Col. Mann, don't you call me, I'm weak and lame  
 I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,  
 Got my chute and went down to the line --  
 Down to the line to fly the "D"  
 But it was raining so hard I couldn't see.

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,  
 I'd had my fill of Overholt Rye --  
 Shot sixteen holes in a T-33  
 They're going to hang my ass from a coconut tree.

When you see me comin' better break to the right  
 'Cause the 41st Fighter had a party last night --  
 My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear,  
 Believe me SAMAP better clear the air.

## HORSE SHIT

There was a pilot of great renown,  
There was a pilot of great renown,  
There was a pilot of great renown,  
Until he fucked a girl from our town --  
Fucked a girl from our town --  
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

He laid her down beside a stump,  
He laid her down beside a stump,  
He laid her down beside a stump,  
And-Then-He missed her cunt and split the stump,  
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

He laid her in a feather bed,  
He laid her in a feather bed,  
He laid her in a feather bed,  
And-Then-He twisted out her maidenhead,  
Twisted out her maidenhead --  
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

He laid her on a winding stair,  
He laid her on a winding stair,  
He laid her on a winding stair,  
And-Then-He shoved it in clear up to there,  
Shoved it in clear up to there --  
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

He laid her down beside a pond,  
He laid her down beside a pond,  
He laid her down beside a pond,  
And-Then-He fucked her with his magic wand,  
Fucked her with his magic wand --  
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

# MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY (Ghost Riders in the Sky)

An '86 got airborne on a dark and windy day;  
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray,  
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,  
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, 'til I am on the ground.

Yippi-i-o, yippi-i-a-a-a,  
Mach riders in the sky.

Those flyin' fiends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean,  
And all knew we've been famous since 1917,  
'Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same,  
Those pukin' pups make history -- Oh! Bless that famous name.

As our '86's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,  
The pilots they all go through HELL, but fly 'em just the same;  
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep 'em flyin' high,  
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name,  
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame --  
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,  
They cuss and cry, "Live or die;" MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY.

## TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

Bless 'em all - Bless 'em all  
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all --  
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet  
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet  
'Cause he tried to go over the wall  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all,  
The needles did cross and wings did come off  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.

Through the wall - Through the wall  
That bloody invisible wall  
That transonic journey is nothing but rough  
As bad as a ride on the local base bus  
So I'm staying away from the wall  
Subsonic for me and that's all  
If you're hot you might make it  
But you'll probably break it --  
Your butt or your neck, not the wall.



## "ZOOT SUITS, PARACHUTES"

Once there was a barmaid down in Drury Lane  
 Her master was so kind to her; her mistress was the same  
 Along came a pilot as happy as could be;  
 He was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS:

Singing Zoot suits, parachutes, wings of silver too  
 He'll fly a fighter like his daddy used to do.

He asked for a candle to light his way to bed  
 He asked her for a kerchief to lay beneath his head  
 And she, being a foolish maiden, thinking it no harm  
 Crawled into the pilot's bed to keep the bastard warm.

CHORUS:

Now early in the morning before the break of day  
 He handed her a five-pound note, and this to her did say  
 "Now you may have a daughter - you may have a son  
 But if you are a smart girl, you won't have either one."

CHORUS:

The moral of this story as you can plainly see  
 Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee  
 She didn't have a daughter, she didn't have a son  
 All she had was a five-pound note and a hell of a lot of fun

CHORUS:

## "GOING HOME" (Out on the Texas Plains)

I'm gonna head my ship into the wide blue sea  
 With my nose into the West  
 I'm gonna find a gal that was made for me  
 I'm gonna give her all my best

I'm gonna head my ship toward that old West Coast  
 Round Long Beach and L.A.  
 And when we all get home we will drink a toast  
 To those long forgotten days.

I'm gonna fly all day  
 I'm gonna fly all night  
 Toward that setting sun  
 And when that good old coast line looms into sight  
 My work has just begun.

I'm gonna find a gal that just don't give a darn  
 I'm gonna love her night and day  
 And if she says no no I'm gonna twist her arm  
 Cause I'm gonna get my way.

I'm gonna drink myself into a total wreck  
 I'm gonna love until I die  
 I got a pilot's mind and a flyer's rep  
 I couldn't be good if I tried.

So won't you just relax  
 For there is one more verse of the things I'm gonna do  
 I know that times are bad, but they could be worse  
 So here's my parting word to you.

I'll ne'er forget this war until the day I die  
 Cause it's changed my life's flight plan  
 And when my days are o'er and my time draws nigh  
 I'm gonna die drunk if I can...

#### PI PHI GIRLS

We are the Pi Phis, happy are we  
 Happy go lucky, Bare ass and free  
 We like to share our virginity  
 We are the Pi Phi girls

And every night at seven o'clock  
 We watch the watchman piss off the dock, God damn it,  
 We like the way he handles his cock  
 We are the Pi Phi girls

And every month when our time is due  
 We save the rags for you boys to chew  
 We like to save the flavor for you  
 We are the Pi Phi girls.

## TOAST TO A FIGHTER PILOT

A fighter pilot is a lonely man  
He lives alone and flies alone and dies alone  
And when he drinks, he drinks a toast to himself  
And this is the way it goes:

"Here's to me in my sober mood  
As I ponder, sit and think  
And here's to me in my drunken mood  
As I ramble, screw and drink  
And when at last it's all gone by  
And from this world I pass  
I want them to bury me upside down  
SO THE WHOLE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS!"